

TERMS OF THE "AMERICAN."

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SUNBURY AMERICAN.

AND SHAMOKIN JOURNAL.

Absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of Republics, from which there is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism.—JERFENSON.

By Masser & Eisely.

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ODE.

Written by request for the Monument Dinner, in Kingston, June 24, 1841.

BY A. SISTE.

Air—"Herald."

Sacred ground—where we are meeting,
Here the martyred patriot stood;
Friends and kindred give their greeting,
Where their fathers gave their blood,
When the foemen
Came like spring-time's rushing flood,
Fathers, Mothers, Sons and Daughters,
Suffered in that furious fray,
And the Susquehanna's waters
Reddened with their blood that day,
Well remembered,
By our sires with thin locks gray.

Now the vale is sweetly shining;
Summer in her verdant green
Round us every grace is twining,
Making glad the solemn scene;
Happy voices,
Blend beneath fair Flora's screen.

And if ever, in our valley,
Foes should dare the Freeman's fight,
Here shall be the Soldier's rally,
Sunny morn, or stormy night;
God of battles,
Ever guard and shield the right!

An arbour of boughs and flowers was erected on the place of celebration.

THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS.

AN AMERICAN TALE.—BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'But, my dear sir, you cannot, certainly, be in earnest!'
'Yes, but I am though.'
'What—gamble your daughter away?'
'You can call it by what name you choose; it matters not to me. You must beat me at the game, or her hand cannot be yours.'

This conversation occurred between a sturdy husbandman, whose farm fringed the romantic banks of the Susquehanna, near the delightful village of Marietta, in the interior of Pennsylvania, and a young farmer living near by. The heart of the latter had been won by Anna, the blooming daughter of the former, and after many days of doubt and painful misgivings John Graham, for that was his name, made bold to speak forth to the father his desire to possess her hand.

Surprised, mortified, and discouraged at his reception, the young man left the house without a parting word with Anna, and returned to his own home, gloomy and desponding. For three days no one saw him beyond the bounds of his own farm. Anna, who knew, of course, his intention to ask for her hand, was deeply distressed at his sudden departure from the house, and prolonged absence.

It was near night-fall of the third day, while sitting at the cottage window that opened to the road winding up towards the house, she started from a painful dreamy state, by the sound of footsteps, and lifting her head, she perceived that her truant lover was again returning.
'O John, why have you stayed so long away!' she said earnestly, as she bounded out of the door to meet him.

Just at that moment the sound of some one approaching, aroused them, and looking up, they perceived it to be Anna's father.
'Well John,' he said in a cheerful tone, 'have you come to beat me at draughts?'

Young Graham's face colored, and being unable at that moment to speak from confusion, he looked upon the ground and was silent. But quickly recovering himself, he replied—
'I hope, sir, that you will not feel it necessary to pain either your daughter's feelings or my own, longer, by what I cannot believe to be any thing more than a jest.

The old man's brow darkened. 'I am not used to trifling, sir,' he said. 'You have heard my terms. Let me assure you, that they must be fulfilled to the letter. If you do not intend trying for her hand in the only way that it can be won, then give place, sir, to some more worthy suitor.'

Deeply pained, as well as offended, at what he considered as equivalent to an insult, repeated, Graham turned suddenly away from both father and daughter, and hastened home.
It was nearly four weeks before the young couple again met, and then it was without concert at the house of a neighbor. For the first part of the evening they seemed shy of each other; but after a while, were observed to be earnestly engaged in conversation, as they passed the lawn in front of the house, backward and forward, under the love awakening influence of a bright August moon.

'Will you not consent!' said Graham, becoming more animated.
'No, John, I cannot. I love you,' and her voice trembled and faltered; 'but leave my father! O, no, no, never!'
'Then you do not love me—' but he paused with the word unuttered. There was an embarrassed silence of some moments; at length the young man said, in a melancholy tone—

'Then Anna we had better see each other no more.'
'John,' she said, looking him in the face fixedly, 'will you not try to—' But she hesitated, and then hung down her head.
'Try to beat your father in a game of draughts, you would have said? Even if there was hope Anna, of doing that which there is none, I could not give my consent to so humiliating an act. What has the playing of a game skillfully, to do with making you a good husband?'

But this did not satisfy the mind of the maiden. She thought that her lover ought to be willing to do any thing, no matter how unreasonable it might be, for the sake of gaining her hand. She could not, however, say more than she had.
They parted that evening gloomily enough, but the sight of her face and the sound of her voice, had stirred more deeply in his heart the waters of affection.

'She must be mine!' he said to himself passionately as he strode homewards.
By degrees, but with great reluctance, he began entertain thoughts of applying himself to the game at which her father was so skillful; and such progress had he made by the next evening in his incipient resolutions, that he actually went over to a neighbor's and after sitting a while, proposed a game of draughts. But although his antagonist was a poor player, John Graham was beaten every time.

'You wouldn't do to play with old Woodruff,' remarked his companion, after winning for the sixth time.
Graham colored deeply, as he looked up, at the remark; but he perceived by his friend's countenance that it was innocently made.
Much discouraged, he went home that night, and dreamed that he had played with Mr. Woodruff, Anna's father, and beaten him. On the next evening he went over again, and spent two or three hours in playing. Once he beat his antagonist. This gave him hope, and as he thought of it next day, he said to himself, 'I have certainly improved a little, and if I keep at it will certainly improve more.'

again the moves commenced. But the game soon terminated as the first. Twenty games were played before the parties separated, in all of which the old man won. Long before the termination of the evening's contention, Anna's pulse had become quiet; although a red spot upon her cheek told that she felt none the less interest. She had not failed to perceive that, with every renewed game, the period occupied in contesting it became longer than that which went before.

On the next evening Graham came again, and again the draught-board was produced. But, some how or other, he could not play even as well as he did on the evening previous. Anna was disappointed, and he could perceive it, and this not only dispirited him, but wounded his pride. He felt in no pleasant mood as he returned home that night, half determining not to lower himself again so much in his own estimation, as to gamble for the girl he loved. This half-formed resolution he kept for a week, during which time Anna's doubts and fears all returned upon her, and made her sick at heart.

But, much as he disliked draughts, and much as he condemned and even despised the principle involved in the stipulations of Anna's father, all powerful love again prevailed, and he sought the home of his lady fair to enter the lists once more for her hand. But it was with little better success. Still there was one compensation for the disappointments that followed every evening's trial—and that was, an hour's quiet communion with Anna; for, as long as he would play with the old man; and try, as he of course did, to beat him, he was a welcome visitor, and allowed a fair opportunity to tell over again to the maiden how fondly he loved her.

Six months passed in this way, and young Graham began to play with much skill and judgment, and not unfrequently a game would last for a whole hour. On such occasions, the old man would slap him on the shoulder, after he had beat him, with 'Well done, my boy!—The girl will be yours yet!'
One day about this time, it happened that Graham, with his farmer's frock on, was driving his cart along the road that passed near the cottage of his sweetheart. Woodruff happened to meet him just there, and insisted upon his stopping. Graham came in, and after drinking a glass of home-brewed beer, made by the fair hands of her he loved, the old man reached down the ever-present checker-board.

'This may be a lucky day, John,' he said looking him archly in the face. 'Have you a mind to try?'
The first sight of the board always annoyed the young man; but he stifled this feeling, as usual, and sat down to the table.
For a little while Anna stood looking at the game, and then retired to attend to her ordinary duties in the family. The mother, too, soon followed, and the players were left alone. The dog, that had partaken of the general feeling of bustle on the entrance of the young man, soon felt the quiet influence of the room, and stretching himself out upon the floor, seemed as deeply engaged in thought as were his biped companions. Not a sound was to be heard, except the low noise made in moving the pieces on the board, or the occasional quicker rattling of them when one was taken. Graham never before seemed to have his mind so clear, nor to have so lucid a perception of the principles of the game; and the old man was as much absorbed in what he was doing as ever. About every ten minutes, if there had been another observer in the room, a serious face might have been seen looking in for a few moments at the window, just behind the young man.

'Jupiter!' suddenly exclaimed the old man with an uneasy movement, as his antagonist leaped over two pieces and into the kingdom. The relative position of several pieces in the neighborhood of this newly made and first king on the board, was such as to compel woodruff, in taking care of them, to disarrange entirely his game, and destroy his usual position of advantage. For a few minutes the flush excitement destroyed the calm balanced state of young Graham's mind. But he perceived this, and confined his moves to unimportant and safe ones until his pulse beat more quietly. And now came the severest struggle yet. 'Now or never!' thought Graham, who readily acknowledged that it was a happy accident rather than skill to which he was indebted for his present decidedly advantageous position.

For nearly a half hour both parties continued to play with such caution that but a single piece was taken; but now each seemed determined to bring the game to an issue, and soon the board had on it nothing but four kings—two for each. Just at this time Anna came to the window, and seeing the position of affairs, turned pale, and felt a sensation of faintness; but she was riveted to the spot. The mother's interest, too, had become excited, and she came to the door and stood also looking upon the board. The old man sat with his hand to his mouth, fingering his lips, his usual position when deeply interested in his favourite game, and Graham leaned his head upon his hand, his countenance, though abstracted, indicating a sadness of feeling mingled with hope. The four kings were near together, and each was evidently intent on reducing the number of the other to one, and then blocking that.

After studying and calculating moves for about five minutes, the old man cautiously passed one of his kings to another square. Quick as thought his antagonist made a move, and then with a long inspiration awaited the result.

'Jupiter!' again ejaculated the old man, closing his fingers tight upon his under lip. A long pause ensued, and at last the move was made.
'Hurrah!' exclaimed Graham, in a loud voice, lifting his hand. He gave a king for a king, and having the last jump, so alighted as to completely hem him in, or 'lock' the old man's only remaining king, thus winning the game at the last extremity.—'Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!' he cried, and leaned back in an ecstasy of delight.

For a moment or two the old man seemed chagrined at his defeat, but he recovered himself quickly, and grasping the hand of Graham, said—
'Now, my boy, you have fairly won her, and she is yours. Come here, pet, he said to Anna, who appeared at the door pressing in by her mother, and name your wedding day.'

It is needless to tell how Anna blushed, or how her little heart leaped for joy in her bosom. It is of more moment to say, that in one month the twain were made one flesh.
After the knot had been tied, and the young folks were full of noisy merriment, Mr. Woodruff said to his new-made son—
'And now, can you tell John, why I made you beat me at draughts before I let you have my little pet there, who looks happier, and I hope is happier than I have ever seen her before?'

'Indeed I do not,' said the young man seriously. 'I always felt it to be a piece of uncalculated cruelty to us both.'
'There you were mistaken, my boy,' replied the old man, smiling. 'You have one defect of character, and I saw it. You distrust your own powers. It was but one week before you asked me for Anna's hand, that, in a conversation, you told me that you could not do a certain thing. It involved difficulty and application, but still it was necessary that you should do it, or trust to some one else to do it for you, who would then have it in his power to deceive you. I determined then, that as soon as you asked for my child, I would put your love and your powers of mind both to a test, and prove to you that you could do any thing in the range of human capacity, if you tried. Have I not succeeded in showing to you that 'I can't' are words not to be used in your dictionary?'

The young man looked his monitor in the face with silent surprise—and the latter added:
'And now, my dear boy, I trust that you will never again doubt your natural ability when brought in comparison with the natural powers of another. Patience and perseverance will surmount all obstacles. Make these your companions, and you will fast rise in intelligence, influence and usefulness, above the crowd who are content to be ignorant.'

Respect to Ladies.
I have found that the men who are really most fond of the society of the ladies, who cherish for them a high respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of more assurance, whose tongues are lightly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and place compliment in the room of sentiment, are the favorites. A true respect for women leads to respectful action toward them; and respectful is usually distant action; and this great distance is mistaken by them for neglect, or want of interest.—Addison.

An Arabian having brought a blush to a maiden's cheek by the earnestness of his gaze, said to her:
'My looks have planted roses in your cheeks—why forbid me to gather them? The law permits him who sows to reap the harvest.' What think you of his logic, ladies?
MARRIAGE.—Thomas Bastard, Esq., fellow of the New College, 1588, wrote the following epigram on his three wives:
Though marriage by some is reckoned a curse,
Three wives led I marry for better or worse;
The first was for her person, the next for her purse,
The third for a warming pan, doctress and nurse.

The above reminds us of the clergyman whose first wife was immensely rich, his second exquisitely beautiful, and his third, whom he married in his old age, to nurse and comfort him in the decline of life, proved to have an unchangeable temper. He observed to one of his friends that he had three wives, the world, the flesh, and the devil.

We copy into our paper the following curious article. By this system of combining all kinds of fruits, one may be said to have an orchard in a single tree. Gentlemen of leisure, in this country, in the inoculation line, might, in this way, find much pleasure in gazing upon their handy work.

REMARKABLE TREE.—Mr. Agricole, at Golnits, has in his garden an apple tree, which in the year 1816 bore 268 sorts of apples and other fruit. In fact the tree has on it above 300 sorts; but those last grafted have not yet borne fruit. This gentleman has effected this curiosity for his amusement, by inoculating and grafting, and has fastened to every branch a little board, with the name of the sort of apple it bears. The tree has a strange appearance, from the various shapes and colors of the leaves, blossoms, and fruits. Some years ago the Russians bivouacked near this tree, and were so surprised at the strange shape of it, and the number of boards, that they did not injure it, though they cut down other fruit trees for firewood.

Life of Tecumseh.
A life of this celebrated chieftain, by the late BENJAMIN DRAKE, has been lately published in Cincinnati. It is spoken of as a work of uncommon interest executed with great ability. The biographer has bestowed infinite pains in the investigation of the character of this famous Indian warrior, and the pages of the volume teem with anecdotes illustrative of his bravery, generosity and heroism. We extract a few of them for the amusement of our readers.

TECUMSEH'S EFFORTS TO ABOLISH THE BURNING OF PRISONERS.—The next act in which Tecumseh participated, and in which he manifested signal prowess, was an attack made by the Indians upon some flat boats descending the Ohio, above Limestone, now Maysville. The year in which it occurred is not stated, but Tecumseh was not probably more than sixteen or seventeen years of age. The boats were captured, and all the persons belonging to them killed, except one, who was taken prisoner, and afterwards burnt. Tecumseh was a silent spectator of the scene, having never witnessed the burning of a prisoner before. After it was over, he expressed, in strong terms, his abhorrence of the act, and it was finally concluded by the party that they would never burn any more prisoners; and to this resolution he himself and the party also, it is believed, ever afterwards scrupulously adhered.

It is not less creditable to the humanity than genius of Tecumseh that he should have taken this noble stand, and by the force and eloquence of his appeal have brought his companions to the same resolution. He was then but a boy, yet he had the independence to attack a cherished custom of his tribe, and the power of argument to convince them, against all the preconceived notions of right and rules of warfare, that the custom should be abolished. That his effort to put a stop to this cruel and revolting rite, was not prompted by any temporary expediency, but was the result of a humane disposition, and a right sense of justice, is abundantly shown by his conduct towards prisoners in after life.

SINGULAR FULFILLMENT OF A THREAT.—It was Tecumseh's darling project to unite all the tribes of the South and West in the defence of their lands. To accomplish this he visited, personally every tribe, engaging each in his plans, and fixing a day when a blow was to be struck, simultaneously, along the whole of the confederacy which he sought to establish.

On his return from Florida, he went among the Creeks in Alabama, urging them to unite with the Seminoles. Arriving at Tuckabatchee, a Creek town on the Tallapoosa river, he made his way to the lodge of the chief called the Big Warrior. He explained his object, delivered his war-talk, presented a bundle of sticks, gave a piece of wampum and a hatchet, all of which the Big warrior took. When Tecumseh, reading the intentions and spirit of the Big warrior, looked him in the eye, and pointing his finger towards his face, said:

'Your blood is white; you have taken my talk and the sticks, and the wampum, and the hatchet, but you do not mean to fight; I know the reason: you do not believe the Great Spirit has sent me; you shall know: I leave Tuckabatchee directly, and shall go straight to Detroit; when I arrive there I shall stamp on the ground with my foot, and shake down every house in Tuckabatchee.' So saying he turned and left the Big warrior in utter amazement, at both his manner and his threat, and pursued his journey. The Indians were struck no less with his conduct than was the Big warrior, and began to dread the arrival of the day when the threatened calamity would befall them. They met often and talked over this matter, and counted the days carefully to know the time when Tecumseh would reach Detroit. The morning they had fixed upon, as the period of his arrival at last came. A mighty rumbling was heard—they all ran out of their houses—the earth began to shake; at last, sure enough, every house in Tuckabatchee was shaken down. The exclamation was in every mouth: 'Tecumseh has got to Detroit!' The effect was electrical. The message he had delivered to Big warrior was believed, and many of the Indians took their rifles and prepared for the war.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that an earthquake had produced all this; but he will be, doubtless, that it should happen on the very day on which Tecumseh arrived at Detroit; and in exact fulfillment of his threat. It was the famous earthquake of Madrid, on the Mississippi. We received the foregoing from the lips of the Indians, when we were at Tuckabatchee in 1827, and near the residence of the Big warrior. The anecdote may therefore be relied on. Tecumseh's object, doubtless, was, on seeing that he had failed, by the usual appeal to the passions, and hopes, and war spirit of the Indians, to alarm their fears; little dreaming, himself, that on the day named his threat would be executed with such punctuality and terrible fidelity.

The Ebbie.
A nation must be truly blessed, if it were governed by no other laws than those of this blessed book; it is so complete that nothing can be added to or taken from it; it contains every thing needful to be done, it affords a copy for a king, and a rule for a subject; it gives instruction and counsel to a Senate; authority and direction to a magistrate; it cautions a witness; requires an impartial jury, and furnishes a judge with his sentence; it sets the husband as lord of the household, and the wife as mistress of the table, tells him how to rule and her how to manage.

It entails honor to parents, and enjoins obedience to children; it prescribes and limits the way of sovereigns, the rule of the ruler, and authority of the master; commands the subjects to honor and the servants to obey, and promises the protection of its author to all who walk by its rules. It gives directions to weddings and for burials; it promises food and raiment, and limits the use of both; it points out a faithful and eternal guardian, to the departing husband and father; tells him with whom to leave his fatherless children and in whom his widow is to trust, and promises a father to the former and a husband to the latter. It teaches a man how he ought to set his house in order, and how to make his will.
It defends the right of all and reveals vengeance on the defrauder, overreacher and oppressor. It is the first book and the oldest book in the world. It contains the choicest matter, gives the best instructions, that affords the greatest satisfaction and pleasure that ever were revealed. It contains the best laws and profoundest mysteries that ever were penned. It brings the best tidings, and affords the best comforts to the inquiring and disconsolate. It exhibits life and immortality, and shows the way to everlasting glory. It is a brief recital of all that is to come. It settles all matters in debate, resolves all doubts, and eases the mind and conscience of all their scruples. It reveals the only living and true God, and shows the way to him; and sets aside all other Gods, and describes the vanity of them, and of all that put their trust in them.

The Human Heart.
The mean weight of the heart in the adult, from the 25th to the 60th year, is, according to Boullvard, from eight to nine ounces. The dimensions are as follows: length from base to apex, five inches six lines; breadth at the bare three inches. When the ear is applied to the chest, says Dr. Dunglison, a dull, lengthened sound is heard, which is synonymous with the arterial pulse; this is instantly succeeded by a sharp quick sound like that of a valve of a bellows or the lapping of a dog. There is then a period of repose. The first sound appears to be produced by the contraction of the ventricle; the second by the reflux of the blood against the semilunar valve. These are what we call the sounds of the heart.—[Amer. Sentinel.

The English pay great attention to the travelling on their railroads, yet many accidents still daily occur. In an investigation before a Coroner's inquest, Mr. Duncan, one of the witnesses said: We made an experiment today, and at the spot where the accident occurred, whilst we were going at the rate of 40 miles an hour, we were able to stop the engine in 15 seconds, and within the range of 65 yards; if the rails were even wet the engine might be stopped in the space of from 150 to 180 yards. In extreme cases 500 yards, the distance to which the company's drivers were limited, is a very large latitude—I should never require more than 200 yards to stop the engine.